

THE
GARLAND
OF
Good-Will.

Divided into Three Parts.

Containing many pleasant SONGS,
and pretty Poems to sundry Notes.

With a Table to find the Names of all the SONGS.

Written by T. D.



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THE
TABLE.

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The TABLE.
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A Mournful Dirty on the Death of
Rosamond King *Henry* the Second's
Concubine.

To the Tune of, *Flying Fame.*

Whenas King *Henry* rul'd this land,
the second of that name;
Besides the Queen he dearly lov'd,
a fair and Princely Dame:
Most peerless was her beauty found,
her favour and her face,
A sweeter creature in this world,
did never Prince embrace.

Her crisped Locks like threads of Gold,
appear'd to each mans sight,
Her comely eyes like orient Pearls,
did cast a Heavenly light;
The blood within her crystal cheeks,
did such a colour give;
As if the Lilly and the Rose,
for Masteryship did strive.

The Garland of Good-will.

Against his Father raised Wars;
within the Realm of France;
And yet before our comely King,
the English Land forsook,
Of Rosamond the Lady fair,
his last farewell he took.

O Rosamond, the only Rose,
that pleasest best mine eye,
The fairest Rose in all the World,
To feed my fantasie:
The flower of mine affected heart,
whose sweetness doth excel,
My Royal Rose, a thousand times,
I bid thee now farewell.

For I must leave my famous flower,
my sweetest Rose a space,
And cross the Seas to famous France,
proud Rebels to abase:
But yet my Rose be sure thou shalt,
my coming shortly see,
And in my heart while hence I am,
I'll bear my Rose with me.

When Rosamond the Lady fair,
did hear the King say so,
The sorrows of her grieved heart,
her outward looks did show:

The Garland of Good-will.

And from her clear and chryſtal eyes,
tears gush't out apace,
Which like the ſilver pearled dew,
ran down her comely face.

1 Her lips like to the coral red,
2 did wax both wan and pale,
3 And for the ſorrow ſhe conceiv'd,
4 her vital Spirits did fail :
And falling down all in a ſwound,
before King Henry's face,
Full oft within his Princely arms,
her body did embrace.

And twenty times with watery eyes,
he kiſt her tender cheek,
Until he had reviv'd again,
her ſences mild and meek :
Which grieves my Roſe, my Sweeteſt Rose,
the King did often ſay,
Because, quoth ſhe, to bloody wars,
my Lord muſt part away.

But ſince your Grace in Forraign coaſt
among your foes unkind,
Muſt go to hazard life and limb,
why ſhould I ſtay behind ?
Nay rather let me like a Page,
thy Sword and Target bear,

The Garland of Good-will.
That on my Breast the blow may light,
that should offend you there.

O let me in your Royal Tent,
prepare your bed at night,
And with sweet baths refresh your Grace,
at your return from fight;
So I your presence may enjoy,
no toile I will refuse,
But wanting you my life is death,
which doth true love abuse.

Content thy self my dearest love,
thy rest at home shall be,
In Englands sweet and pleasant soil,
for travel fits not thee:
Fair Ladies brook not bloody wars;
Sweet peace their pleasure breed,
The nourisher of hearts content,
which fancy first did feed.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstock Bowler,
with musick sweet delight,
While I among the piercing Dikes,
against my Foes do fight;
My Rose in robes of pearl and gold,
with diamonds richly dight,
Shall dance the Galliard of my love,
while I my Foes do smite.

And

The Garland of Good-will.

And you Sir Thomas whom I trust
to be my loves defence,
Be careful of my Royal Rose,
when I am parted hence:
And therewithal he fetcht a sigh,
as tho his heart would break,
And Rosamond for very grief,
not one plain word could speak.

And at their parting well they might,
in heart be grieved sore,
After that day fair Rosamond
the King did see no more:
And when his Grace had past the Seas,
and into France was gone,
Queen Elenor with envious heart,
to Woodstock came anon.

And forth she call'd this trusty Knight,
who kept this curious Bower,
Who with his clew of twined thred,
came from this famous flower:
And when that she had wounded him,
the Queen this thred did get,
And went where Lady Rosamond,
was like an Angel set.

But when the Queen with stedfast eye,
beheld her heavenly face,

She

The Garland of Good-will.

She was amazed in her mind,
at her exceeding Grace:
Cast off thy Robes from thee, she said,
that rich and costly be,
And drink thou up this deadly draught,
which I have brought for thee.

But presently upon her knee,
sweet Rosamond did fall,
And pardon of the Queen she crav'd,
for her offences all:
Take pity on my Youthful years,
fair Rosamond did cry,
And let me not with poyson strong,
enforced be to die.

I will renounce this sinful life,
and in a Cloister hide,
Or else be banisht, if you please,
to range the World so wide:
And for that fault which I have done,
tho I was forc'd thereto,
Preserve my life and punish me,
as you think good to do.

And with these words her Lilly hands
she wung full often there,
And down along her comely face,
proceeded many a tear:

But

The Garland of Good-will.

But nothing could this furious Queen
therewith appeased be,
The cup of deadly Poyson fill'd,
as she sat on her knee.

She gave this comely Dame to drinke,
who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
and on her feet did stand:
And casting up her eyes to Heauen,
she did for mercy call;
And drinkeing up the poyson strong,
her life she lost withal.

And when that death thro ebery limb,
had done her greatest spight,
Her chiefest toes did plain confess,
she was a glorious Witte:
Her body then they did entomb,
when life was fled away,
At Woodstock near to Oxford Town,
as may be seen this day.

FINIS.

11
The Garland of Good-will.

2.

ink, A new Sonnet, containing the Lamentati-
on of Shore's Wife, who was sometimes
Concubine to King Edward the 4. setting
forth her great Fall; and withal her most
miserable and wretched end.

To the Tune of, *The Hunt is up.*

L Isten fair Ladies,
Unto my misery,
That lived late, in pompous state,
most delightfully:
And now to fortunes fair dissimulation,
brought in cruel and uncouth plagues,
most piteously.

Shore's Wife I am,
So known by name,
And at the Flower-de-luce in Cheap-side,
was my dwelling, (chant-man,
The only daughter of a wealthy Mer-
Against whole counsel evermore,
I was rebelling.

Young was I loved,
No action moved,
My heart or mind, to give or yield,
to their consenting.

My

The Garland of Good-will.

My Parents thinking strictly for to be
Forcing me to take that which caused
my repenting

Then being wedded,
I was quickly tempted,
My beauty caused many Gallants
to laute me :

The King commanded, I strait obey
For his chiefest Jewel then,
he did repute me.

Bravely was I trained,
Like a Queen I reigned,
And poor mens Suits
by me was obtained : (resol
In all the Court, to none was such grace
As unto me, tho now in scorn;
I be disoained.

When the King died,
My giter was tryed,
From the Court I was expelled,
with despight :
The D. of Gloucester being Lord Protector
Took away my Sway against
all Law and Right.

And a Protection,

The Garland of Good-will.

For my Transgression,
Bare-footed he made me go:
for to shame me, (plainly)
A Cross before me there was carried
As a penance to my former life,
for to tame me.

Then through London,
Being thus undone,
The Lord Protector published
A Proclamation: (hoir'd)
On pain of Death, I should not be har-
t which furthermore encreas'd my sorrow
and vexation.

I that had plenty,
And Dishes dainty,
Most sumptuously brought to my board,
at my pleasure:
Being full poore, from door to door,
I beg my bread with Clack and Dish,
at my leisure.

By rich attire,
By fortunes ire,
To rotten Rags and nakedness,
they are beaten: (oft,
By body soft which the King embrac'd
till

The Garland of Good-will.
With Germinie vile annoy'd,
and eat on.

On Stalls and Stones,
Did lie my Bones,
That wonted was in Bed of Down,
to be plac't:
And you see, my finest Pillows be,
Of stinking straw, with dirt and dung,
thus disgrac'd.

Wherefore fair Ladies,
With your sweet Babies,
My grievous fall bear in your mind,
and behold me, (King,
How strange a thing that the love of a
Should come to die under a Stall,
as I told ye.

FINIS.

3.
A New Sonnet of *Edgar King of England*,
how he was deceived of a Lady which he
loved, by a Knight of his own Court.
To be sung in the old way, or else to the
Tune of, *Lebandalaker*.

Whenas *Edgar* did govern this land
adown, adown, down, down, down,
And

The Garland of Good-will:

And in the strength of his years he did
call him down a: (stand,
Such praise was spread of a gallant dame
Which did through England carry great
And she a Lady of high degree, (same,
The Earl of Devonsh. daughter was she.
The King weh. lately had bur'd the Quē;
And not long time a Widower t a;
Bearing this praise of a gallant Maid,
Upon her beauty his love he laid:
And in his sight he would often say,
I will send for that Lady gay:
Yea, I will send for this Lady wight,
Which is my treasure and delight;
Whose beauty, like to Phœbus beams,
Doth glister throughall Chyristian realms
Then to himself he would reply,
Saying, how fond a Prince am I,
To cast my love so bale and low,
Upon a Girl I do not know?
King Edgar will his fancy frame,
To love some Peerless Princely Dame;
The Daughter of a Royal King,
That may a dainty Dowry bring: (place
Whose matchless beauty wrought in
May Estrilds colour clean disface:
But senseless Man, what do I mean,
Upon a broken Reed to lean?

The Garland of Good-will.

O what fond fury did me move,
Thus to abuse my dearest Love! (hue,
Whose Usage grac'd with heavenly
Doth Hellens honour quite subdue:
The glory of her beauteous pride,
Sweet Estrilds favour doth deride;
Then pardon my unseemly speech,
Dear Love and Lady, I beseech:
For I my thoughts will henceforth frame
To spread the honour of thy name:
Then unto him he call'd a knight,
Which was most trusty in his light,
And unto him thus he did say,
Go Earl Orgator go thy way:
Where ask for Estrilds comely Dame,
Whose beauty went so far by fame:
And if you find her comely vice,
As fame did spread in every place,
Then tell her father, she shall be
My Crowned Queen, if she agree.
The knight in message did proceed,
And into Devonshire went with speed:
But when he saw the Lady bright,
He was so ravish't at her sight,
That nothing could his passion move,
Except he might obtain her love;
For day and night while there he staid,
He Courted still this peerless Maid:

And

The Garland of Good-will

And in his Suit he shew'd such skill,
That at the length he gain'd her good;
Forgetting quite the duty tho', (with
Which he unto the King did owe,
Then coming home unto his Grace,
He told him with dissembling face;
That those reports were to blame,
That so advanc'd the Maidens Name:
For I assure your Grace, said he,
She is as other Women be:
Her Beauty of such great report,
No better than the common sort:
And far unmeet in every thing,
To meet with such a Noble King:
But tho' her face be nothing fair,
Yet such she was her Fathers heir;
Perhaps some Lord of high degree,
Would very fain her Husband be:
Then if your Grace would give consent,
I would my self be well content,
The Daughter for my Wife to take,
For her great Lands and Livings sake;
The King (whom thus he did deceive)
Incontinent did give him leave;
For on that point he did not stand,
For why, he had no need of Land:
Then being glad, he went away,
And wedded straight this Lady gay:

The Garland of Good-will.

The fairest Creature bearing life,
Had this false Knight unto his wife ;
And by that match of high degree,
An Earl soon after that was he.
Ere he long time had married been,
That many had her beauty seen ;
Her praise was spread both far and near,
The King again thereof did hear :
Who then in heart did plainly prove,
He was betrayed of his Love ;
Though therefore he was vexed sore,
Yet seem'd he not to grieve therefore ;
But kept his countenance good and kind,
As tho he bare no grudge in mind.
But on a day it came to pass,
When as the King full merry was,
To Ethlewood in sport he said,
I muse what cheer there should be made,
If to thy house I should resort,
A night or two for Princely sport: (glad
Hereat the Earl shew'd Countenance
Tho' in his heart he was full sad,
Saying, your Grace shall welcome be,
If to your Grace will honour me.
When as the day appointed was,
Before the King did thither pass,
The Earl before-hand did prepare,
The Kings coming to declare.

And

The Garland of Good-will.

And with a countenance passing gréef,
He call'd his Lady unto him,
Saying with sad and heaby chear,
I pray you when the King comes here,
Sweet Lady as you tender me,
Let your attire but homely be :
Nor wash not thou thy Angels face,
But so thy beauty clean disgrace :
Thereto thy gesture so apply,
It may seem loathsome to the eye :
For if the King should there behold,
Thy glorious beauty so extol'd ;
Then shall my life soon shortned be,
For my deserts and treachery.
When to thy Father first I came,
Tho' I did not declare the lame,
Yet was I put in trust to bring
The joyful tydings to the King ;
Who for thy glorious beauty seen,
Did think of thee to make his Queen :
But when I had thy person found,
Thy beauty gave me such a wound,
No rest nor comfort could I take,
Till you, sweet Love, my grief did slake :
And that tho' Duty charged me,
Nott aithaul to my Lord to be ;
Yet Love upon the other side,
Bid for my self I should provide :

The Garland of Good-will.

Then for my suit and service shewn,
At length I won you for my own;
And for my love in Wedlock spent,
Your choice you need no whit repent;
When since my grief I have exprest,
Sweet Lady grant me my request:
Good words she gave with smiling chear,
Hearing of that which she did hear;
And casting many things in mind,
Great fault therewith she seem'd to find;
But in her self she thought it shame,
To make that foul which God did frame;
Most costly Robes full rich therefore,
In bravest sort that day she wore;
Doing all that e're she might,
To set her beauty forth to sight:
And her best skill in every thing,
She shew'd to entertain the King.
Wherefore the King so snared was,
That reason quite from him did pass:
His heart by her was set on fire,
He had to her a great desire:
And for the looks he gave her then,
For every look she shew'd him ten.
Wherefore the King perceived plain,
His love and looks were not in vain.
Upon a time it chanced so,
The King he would a hunting go:

And

The Garland of Good-will.

And as they through a Wood did ride,
The Earl on horse-back by his side;
For so the story telleth plain,
That with a shaft the Earl was slain:
So that when he had lost his life,
He took the Lady unto his life;
Who married her all harm to shun,
By whom he did beget a Son:
Thus he that did the King deceive,
Did by desert his death receive;
Then to conclude and make an end,
Be true and faithful to thy friend.

FINIS.

4.
How Coventry was made free by Godina;
Countess of Chester,
To the tune of, Prince Arthur died at
Ludlow.

Lessic is that Noble Earl
of Chester, as I read,
Did for the City of Coventry,
many a Noble Deed:
Great Priviledges for the Town,
this Noble Man did get;
And of all things did make it so,
that they Cole-free did sit:
Save only that for Horses still.

The Garland of Good-will.

and did some custom pay, (Town,
Which was great Charges unto the
full long and many a day :

Wherefore his Wife Godina fair,
did of the Earl request,

That therefore he would make it free,
as well as all the rest :

So when she long had sued,
her purpose to obtain,

Her Noble Lord at length she took,
within a pleasant veign ;

And unto him with smiling chear,
she did forthwith proceed,

Entreating greatly that he would
perform that Goodly deed.

All move me much, my fair, quoth he,
your suit I fain would shun ;

But what will you perform and do,
to have this matter done ?

Why, any thing, my Lord, (quoth she)
you will with reason crave,

I will perform it with good will,
if I my wish might have.

If thou wilt grant the thing, he said,
what I shall now require,

As soon as it is finished,

thou shalt have thy desire.

(Lord
Command what you think good, my
I will

The Garland of Good-will.

I will thereto agree:
On this Condition, that the Town
for ever may be free:
If thou thy Cloaths strip off,
and here lay them down,
and at Noon-day on Horse-back ride
stark naked through the Town:
They shall be free for evermore,
if thou wilt not do so,
More Liberty then now they have,
I never will bestow.
The Lady at this strange demand,
was much abasht in mind,
and yet for to fulfil this thing,
she never a whit repined:
Wherefore to all Officers
of the Town she sent,
That they perceiuing her good will,
which for the weal was bent:
That on the day that she should ride,
all persons through the Town,
should keep their houses, shut their doors
and clap their Windows down:
So that no Creature young or old,
should in the streets be leen,
till she had ridden all about,
throughout the City clean:
And when the day of Riding came,

The Garland of Good-will,
no person did her les,
Saving her Lord, after which time,
the Crown was ever set free.

F I N I S.

5
How the Dukes Daughter of Cornwall be-
ing Married unto King Locrin, was by him
put away: and a strange Lady, whom he
better loved, he married and made her his
Queen; and how his Wife was avenged.

To the Tune of, In Creete.

When Humber in his wrathful rage
King Albanack in field had slain
Chose bloody broils to assuage,
King Locrin then apply'd his pain;
And with a Host of Britains stout,
At length he found King Humber out.

At vantage great he met him then,
and with his Host beset him so,
That he destroy'd his warlike men,
and Humbers power did overthrow:
And Humber which for fear did flye,
Leapt into a River desperately.

The Garland of Good-will,

And being drowned in the Deep,
he left a Lady there alive,
Which sadly did lament and weep,
for fear they should her life deprive:
But by her face that was so fair,
The King was caught in Cupids snare.

he took this Lady to his Love,
who secretly did keep it still,
So that the Queen did quickly probe,
the King did bear her much good-will;
Which tho' by Wedlock late begun,
he had by her a gallant Son.

Queen Guendoline was griev'd in mind,
to see the King was alter'd so,
At length the cause she chanc'd to find,
which brought her to most bitter woe:
For Estild was his joy (God-wot)
By whom a Daughter he begot.

The Duke of Cornwall being dead,
the Father of that gallant Queen,
The King with lust being overslaid,
his lawful Wife he cast off clean:
Who with her dear and tender Son,
for succour did in Cornwall run.

Then

The Garland of Good-will.

Then Locrin Crowned Estrild bright,
and made of her his lawful Wife;
With her which was his hearts delight,
he thought to lead his life:
Thus Guendoline, as one forlorn,
Did hold her wretched life in scorn.

But when the Cornish men did know,
the great abuse she did endure,
With her a number great did go,
which she by Prayer did procure:
In Bartel then they marcht along,
For to redress this grievous wrong.

And near a River called Store,
the King with all his Host she met,
Where both the Armes fought full sore,
but yet the Queen the Field did get:
But ere they did the Conquest gain,
The King was with an Arrow slain.

Then Guendoline did take in hand,
until her Son was come to age,
The Government of all the Land,
but first her fury to asswage:
She did command her Souldiers wild,
To drown both Estrild and her Child.

The Garland of Good-will.

Incontinent then did they bring
fair Estrild to the River side,
And Sabine, daughter to a King,
whom Guendoline could not abide:
Who being bound together fast,
Unto the River there was cast.

And ever since that running stream,
wherein the Ladies drowned were,
Is called Savern through the Realm,
because that Sabine died there:
Thus those that did to lewdness bend,
were brought unto a woful end.

FINIS.

6

A Song of Queen *Isabel*, Wife to King *Edward* the Second; how by the *Spencers* she was constrained secretly to go out of *England* with her eldest Son, Prince *Edward* to seek for succour in *France*, and what happened unto her in her Journey.

(II.)

Proud were the *Spencers*, & of condition
All *England* and the King likewise,
they ruled at their will:
And many Lords and Nobles of the land,
Through

The Garland of Good-will.

Through their occasions lost their lives
and none did them withstand:
And at the last they did increase much
Between the Queene and Isabel, (griefe
his Queene and faithfull Wife: (sore
So that her life she dreaded wondrous
And cast within her secret thoughts,
some present help therefore.

(grave and sage)
That she requests with countenance
That she to Thomas Becketts Tomb,
might go on Pilgrimage: (chance
Then being ioyful to have that happy
her Son and she took Ships with speed
and sailed into France:
And Royally she was received then,
By the King and all the rest,
of Peers and Noblemen:
And unto him at last she did expresse,
The cause of her arrival there,
her cause and heaviness.

(understand)
When as her Brother her grief did see
He gave her leave to gather men,
throughout his famous Land:
And made a promise to aid her evermore
As oft as she should stand in need,
of Gold and Silver store:

The Garland of Good-will.

But when indeed she did require the same
he was as far from doing it,
as when she thither came;
and did proclaim, whilst matters were so,
that none on pain of death should go,
to aid the English Queen.

(Queen,

This alteration did greatly grieve the
heart down along her comely face,
and the bitter tears were seen: (her so,
when she perceiv'd her friends forsook
she knew not for her safety,
which way to turn or go: (decreed,
but through good hap, at last she then
to seek in fruitful Germany,
some succour to this need:
And to Sir John Hainault then went she,
who entertain'd this woful Queen,
with great solemnity.

(complain'd,

And with great sorrow to him she then
of all her griefs and injuries,
which she of late sustain'd: (princely sight
so that with weeping she dim'd her
The sum whereof did greatly grieve
that noble courteous knight: (pionbe
who made an oath he would her Cham-
and in her Quarrel spend his Blood,
from

The Garland of Good-will.

From wrong to set her free : (prevail,
And all my friends with whom I may)
Shall help for to advance your state,
whose truth no time shall fail.

(found
And in his promise most faithful he was
And many Lords of great account,
was in his Voyage bound ;
So setting forward with a goodly Train,
At length, through Gods special Grace,
into England they came.

At Harwich then, when they were ashore
Of English Lords and Barons bold,
there came to her great store : (heart,
Which did rejoyce the Queens afflicted
That English Lords in such sort,
came for to take her part.

(stand
When as King Edward hereof did under-
How that the Queen with such a power
was entred on his Land : (her part
And how his Nobles were gane to take
He fled from London presently,
even with a heavy heart :
And with the Spencers unto Bristol go,
To fortifie that gallant Town,
great cost he did bestow :
Leaving behind to govern Lond. Town.

The Garland of Good-will.

The stout Bishop of Exeter,
whose pride was soon pull'd down.

(great store,

The Mayor of London with Citizens
The Bishop and the Spencers both,
in heart they did abhor.

(Dread

Therefore they took him without fear or
And at the Standard in Cheapside,
they smote off his head.

Unto the Queen then this message they

The City of London was
at her Commandment;

(sent.

Wherefore the Queen with all her court
Did straight to Bristol march again (pany
whereas the King did lie.

Then she besieged the City round about,
Threatning sharp and cruel death,
to those that were so stout;

Wherefore the Townsmen, their children
Did yield the City to the Qu. (at their wisd.
for safeguard of their lives:

Where was took, the story plain doth tell,
Sir Hugh Spencer, and with him,
the Earl of Arundel.

(down,

This judgment just the Nobles did set
They should be drawn and hanged both,
in sight of Bristol Town.

C

Then

The Garland of Good-will.

Then was King Edward in the Castle
And Hugh Spencer still with him, (there,
in dread and deadly fear; (away,
And being prepar'd from thence to sail
The winds were found contrary,
they were enforc'd to stay :
But at last Sir John Beaumont Knight,
Did bring his sailing ship to shore,
and so did stay their flight :
And so these men were taken speedily,
And brought as Prisoners to the Queen,
which did in Bristol lie.

The Queen by counsel of the Lord & Ba-
To Barkley sent the King, (rons bold,
there to be kept in hold :
And young Hugh Spencer that did much
Was to the Marshal of the host (ill procure
sent unto keeping sure :
And then the Queen to Hereford took her
With all her warlike Company, (way,
which late in Bristol lay :
And here behold how Spencer was
From town to town, even as the Queen
to Hereford did pass.

Upon a Jade which they by chance had
Young Spencer mounted was, (found,
with

The Garland of Good-will.

with legs and hands fast bound :
A writing paper along as he did go,
Upon his head he had to wear,
which did his treason show :
And to deride this Traytor lewd and ill,
Certain men with Reeder Pipes,
did blow before him still,
Thus was he led along in every place,
While many people did rejoyce,
to see his strange disgrace.

When unto Hereford our noble Queen
She did assemble all the Lords (was come
and Knights, both all and some ;
And in their presence young Spencer judg-
To be both hang'd & quarter'd, (ment had
his treasons were so bad :
Then was the King deposed of his Crown
From rule and Princely Dignity,
the Lords did cast him down,
And in his iſſe his Son both wiſe & ſage,
Was Crown'd King of fair England,
at fifteen years of age.

FINIS.

The Garland of Good-will.

7

A Song of the banishment of the two Dukes
of *Hereford* and *Norfolk*.

TWO noble Dukes of great renown,
that long had liv'd in fame;
Through hateful envy were cast down,
and brought to sudden shame:
The Duke of *Hereford* was the one,
a prudent Prince and wise,
'Gainst whom such malice there was
which soon in light did rise. (shown,

The Duke of *Norfolk* most untrue,
declar'd unto the King,
The Duke of *Hereford* greatly grew,
in hatred of each thing:
Which by his grace was acted still,
against both high and low,
How he had a traiterous will,
his State to overthrow.

The Duke of *Hereford* then in haste,
was sent for to the King,
And by the Lords in order plac'd,
examined of each thing:
Who being guiltless of this crime,
which was against him laid,
The Duke of *Norfolk* at that time,

cheke

The Garland of Good-will.
these words unto him said,

How can'st thou with a shameles face,
deny a truth so stout;
And here before his Royal Grace,
so falsly face it out?
Did not these wicked treasons pass,
when we together were,
how that the King unworthy was,
the Royal Crown to bear?

Wherefore my gracious Lord, quoth he,
and you his Noble Peers,
To whom I wish long life to be,
with many happy years:
I do pronounce before you all,
this treacherous Lord that's here,
A Traytor to our Noble King,
as time shall shew it clear.

The Duke of Hereford hearing that,
in mind was grieved much,
And did return this answer flat,
which did Duke Norfolk touch:
The term of Traytor, truthless Duke,
in scorn and great disdain,
With flat defiance to thy face,
I do return again.

The Garland of Good-will.

And therefore if it please your Grace,
to grant me leaue quoth he,
To Combat with my unknown Foe,
that here accuseth me:
I do not doubt but plainly prove,
that like a perjur'd Knight,
He hath most falsly fought my shame,
against all truth and right.

The King did grant this just request,
and did therewith agree,
At Coventry in August next,
this Combat fought should be:
The Dukes on surdy Deeds full stout,
in Coats of Steel most bright,
With Spears in rests, did enter Lists,
this Combat fierce to fight.

The King then cast his Warden down,
commending them to stay,
And with his Lords he counsel took.
to stint that mortal fray:
At length unto these Noble Dukes,
the King of Beaulds came,
And unto them with lofty speech,
this Sentence did proclaim,

Sir Henry Bullenbrook, this day,

The Garland of Good-will.

the Duke of Hereford here,
And Thomas Maubry, Norfolk Duke,
so valiant did appear :
And having in honourable sort,
repaired to this place,
Our Noble King for special cause
hath alter'd thus the case.

first Henry Duke of Hereford,
e're fifteen days be past,
Shall part the Realm on pain of death,
while ten years space doth last :
And Thomas Duke of Norfolk now,
that hath begun this strife
And therefore no good proof can bring,
I say for term of life.

By judgement of our Sovereign Lord,
which now in place doth stand,
for evermore I banish thee,
out of thy Native Land :
Charging thee on pain of death,
when fifteen days are past,
Thou never tread on English ground,
so long as life doth last.

Thus they were sworn before the King,
e're they did further pass,

The Garland of Good-will.

The one should never come in place,
where as the other was;
Then both the Dukes with heavy hearts,
was parted presently,
Their uncouth streams of froward chance
of Foreign Lands to try.

The Duke of Norfolk coming then,
where he would Shiping take,
The bitter tears fell down his cheeks,
and thus his moan did make:
Now let me sigh and sob my fill,
e're I from hence depart,
That inward pangs with speed may burst
my sore afflicted heart.

Ah cursed man! whose loathed life
is held so much in scorn,
Whose Company is clean despis'd,
and left as one forloren:
Now take thy leave and last adieu
of this thy Country dear,
Which never more thou must behold,
nor yet approach it near.

How happy should I account my self,
if death my heart had torn;
That I might have my Bones entomb'd
where

The Garland of Good-will.

where I was bred and born :
O that by Neptunes wrathful rage,
I might be prest to die :
Whilst that sweet Englands pleasants
did stand before mine eye. (banks,

how sweet a scent hath English ground,
within my senses now,
how fair unto my outward sight,
seems every branch and bough :
The fields & flowers, the straits & stones,
seems such unto my mind,
That in all other Countries sure,
the like I shall never find.

O that the Sun with shining face,
would stay his speed by strength,
That this same day might stretched be,
to twenty years in length ;
And that the true performed tyde,
their hasty course would stay,
That Eolus would never yield,
to bear me hence away.

That by the fountain of my eyes,
the fields might watered be,
That I might grave my grievous plaints
upon each springing tree :

But

The Garland of Good-will.

But time I see with Eagles wings,
so swift doth flye away ;
And dusky clouds begin to dim,
the brightness of the day.

The fatal hour draweth on,
the winds and tydes agree,
And now sweet England oversoon,
I must depart from thee :
The mariners have hoiled sail,
and call to catch me in,
And now in woful heart I feel,
my torments to begin.

Wherefore farewell for ever more,
sweet England unto thee,
But farewell all my friends which I
again shall never see :
And England here I kiss thy ground,
upon my bended knee,
Whereby to shew to a'l the world,
how dearly I love thee

This being said, away he went,
as fortune did him guide,
And at the length with grief of heart,
in Venice there he dy'd :
The Noble Duke in doleful sort,

did

The Garland of Good-will.

did lead his life in France,
And at the last the mighty Lord,
did him full high advance.

The Lord of England afterwards,
did send for him again,
While that King Richard at the Wars.
in Ireland did remain:
Who brought the vile and great abuse,
which through his deeds did spring;
Deposed was, and then the Duke
was truly Crowned King.

F I N I S.

8

The Noble Acts of *Arthur* of the Round
Table.

To the Tune of, *Flying Fame.*

When Arthur first in Court began,
and was approved King,
By force of arms great Victories won,
and conquest home did bring:
Then in Britain straight he came,
where fifty good and able
Knights, then repaired unto him,
which were of the Round Table.

And

The Garland of Good-will.

And many Jests and Turnaments,
before them that were drest,
Where valiant Knights did then excel,
and far surmount the rest :
But one Sir Lancelot du Luke,
who was approved well,
He in his fights and deeds of arms,
all others did excell,
When he had rested him a while,
to play, to game, and sport,
He thought he would to try himself,
in some aduentrous sort :
He armed rode in Forrest wide,
and met a Damsel fair,
Who told him of adventures great,
whereto he gave good ear :
Why should I not, quoth Lancelot tho'
for that case I came hither, (good,
Thou seem'st (quoth she) a Knight right
and I will bring thee thither :
Whereas the mighty Knight doth dwell,
that now is of great fame,
Therefore tell me what Knight thou art,
and then what is your name.
My name is Lancelot du lake,
quoth she, it likes me than
Here dwells a Knight that never was
e're matcht with any man :

Alho

The Garland of Good-will.

Who has in Prison threescore Knights
and four that he has wound :
Knights of Kings Archurs Court they be
and of his Table round :

She brought him to a River-side,
and also to a tree,

Whereon a Copper Basin hung,
his fellows Shields to see :

He struck so hard, the Basin broke,
when Tarquin heard the sound,
he drove a Horse before him streight,
whereon a Knight lay bound :

Sir Knight, then said Sir Lancelot tho'
bring me that Horse-load hither,
And lay him down and let him rest,
we'l try our force together :

And as I understand thou hast,
so far as thou art able ;

Done great delpile and shame unto
the Knights of the Round Table.

If thou be of the Table round,
(quoth Tarquin speedily)

Both thee, and all thy fellowship,
I utterly desie :

That's overmuch, quoth Lancelot tho',
defend thee by and by ;

They put their spurs unto their Steeds,
and each at other flie,

They

The Garland of Good-will.

They reach their Spears, and horses ran,
as though there had been thunder,
And each struck them amidst the Shield
wherewith they broke in lunder:
Their horses backs break under them,
the Knights were both aston'd,
To void their horses they made great hast
to light upon the ground:
They took them to their shields full fast,
their swords they drew out then,
With mighty stroaks most eage:ly,
each one at other run:
They wounded were, and bled full sore,
for breath they both did stand,
And leaning on their swords a while,
quoth Tarquin hold thy hand;
And tell to me what I shall ask.
say on, quoth Lancelot tho,
Thou art, quoth Tarquin, the best Knight,
that ever I did know:
And like a Knight that I did hate,
so that thou be not he,
I will deliver all the rest,
and eke accord with thee:
That is well said, quoth Lancelot then,
but sith it must be so,
What is the Knight thou hatest so,
I pray thee to me shew.

The Garland of Good-will.

an, his Name is Sir Lancelot Du Lake,
he slew my Brother dear,
and him I suspect of all the rest,
I would I had him here :
n, Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknown,
I am Lancelot du Lake,
hast Now Knight of Arthurs Table round,
kind Hauds Son of Seuwake :
ast, And I desire thee, do thy worst,
ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho,
One of us two shall end our lives,
before that we do go :
ore, If thou be Lancelot Du Lake,
then welcome shalt thou be,
Wherefore see thou thy self defend,
for now I defie thee ;
They buckeled together so,
like two wild Bores rushing,
ght, And with their Swords and Shields they
at one another flashing : (ran,
The ground besprinkled was with blood,
Tarquin began to faint,
for he gave back, and bore his Shield
so low he did repent :
t, Then soon spied Sir Lancelot tho,
he leapt upon him then,
he pull'd him down upon his knee,
and rushing off his helm,

And

The Garland of Good-will.
And then he struck his Neck in two,
and when he had done so;
From prison, threescore knights and four
Lancelot delivered tho.

F I N I S.

A Song in praise of Women, To a pleasant
new Tune: called, *My Valentine*.

Among all other things, (Ske)
that God hath made beneath the
Most glorious to satisfie the curious eye,
of Mortal men withall;
The sight of Eye,
Did soonest fit his fancy,
Whose courtesie and amity most speedi-
had caught his heart in thrall (ly,
Whom he did love so dear,
As plainly doth appear,
He made her Queen of all the world,
and Mistress of his heart;
Tho a terwards she wrought his woe,
his death and deadly smart.

What need I speak
Of matters passed long ago, (high or low,
Which all men know, I need not shew, to
the

The Garland of Good-will:

the case is so plain,
Altho that Eve committed then so great;
Ere she went hence:
A recompence in defence,
she made mankind again:
For by her blessed Seed,
we are redeem'd indeed.
Why should not then, all mortal men;
esteem of Women well?
And love their wives, even as their lives,
as nature doth compell.

A vertuous Wife,
The Scripture doth commend, and say,
That night and day, she is a stay, from all
to keep her Husband still; (Decay
She useth not
To give her self a wandring,
Or flattering, or platting, or any thing,
to do her Neighbour ill:
But all her mind is bent,
his Pleasure is content;
Her aitchful love doth not remove,
for any storm or grief:
Then is not he well blest, think you,
that meets with such a Wife?
But now methinks,

The Garland of Good-will.

I hear some men do say to me,
Few such there be, in each degree, and
at this day to be found; (quality,
And now adays,
Some men do set their whole delight,
Both day and night, with all despite, to
their rage did so abound: (by rawl & fight
But sure I think and say,
here comes no such to day;
Nor do I know of any she,
that is within that place,
And yet for fear, I dare swear,
it is so hard a case:
But to conclude,
For Maids and Wives, and Virgins all,
Both great or small, in Tower or Hall,
so long as life doth last; (to pray I shall
That they may live,
With hearts content, and perfect peace,
That joys increase, may never cease, til
the care that crept so fast: (death release
For beauty doth me blind,
To have them all in mind,
Even for her sake, that doth us make,
so merry to be seen:
The glory of the female kind,
I mean our Noble Queen.

FINIS.

The Garland of Good-will.

10

ing in praise of a single Life. To the
and one of, The Ghosts hearse.
ity, Some do write of bloody wars,
st, Some do shew the several jarg,
to, Twixt men through envy raised,
ght, Some in praise of Princes write,
Some let their whole delight,
to her fair Beauty blazed:
Some other persons are mov'd,
for to praise where they are lov'd,
and let lovers praise beauty as they will
other ways I am intended;
true love is little regarded,
and often goes unrewarded:
Then to avoid all strife,
I resolve to lead a single life,
whereby the heart is not offended.

What suit and service too,
is used by them that wooe;
What grief in heart and mind,
What sorrow we do find;
through womans fond behaviour:
Subject to suffer each hour.
and speeches sharp and lower,
And labor, love, & cost, perchance 'tis but
and no way to be amended, (all lost,

Dz

And

The Garland of Good-will.

And so purchase pleasure,
And after repent at leisure,
Then to avoid all strife, &c.

To man in wedded state,
Doth happen much debate,
except Gods special favour,
If his wife be proudly bent,
O secretly content,
to any lewd behaviour:
If she be slothful or idle,
Or such as her tongue cannot brydle,
O then well were he,
If death his ban: would be;
no sorrow else can be amended,
For looke how long he were living,
Evermore he would be grieving,
Then to avoid all strife, &c.

Married folks we often hear,
Even though their Children dear,
have many causes of sorrow;
If disobedient they be found,
Or false in any ground,
by their unlawful sorrows;
To see such wicked fellows,
shamefully come unto the Gallows,
Whom Parents with great care,
Nurish

The Garland of Good-will.

riched with dainty fare,
in their Cradle truly tended ;
as their Mothers before them,
curse the day that e're they bore them
to avoid all strife, &c.

then behold and see,
in men and wives agree,
to live together ;
the Lord hath sent them eke,
Children mild and meeke,
flowers in summer weather :
greatly are they grieved,
will not by joy be relieved,
that Death doth call.
A Wife or Children small,
whom their vertues do commend,
in losses whom they thus added,
in their hearts cannot be moved,
to avoid all strife, &c.

being in that happy state,
do work himself such hate,
in fancy for to follow :
being here devoid of strife,
do take him to a Wife,
to procure his sorrow,
carping and with caring,

The Garland of Good-will.
Evermore must be lparing,
Where he not worse then mad,
being merry would be sad :
Where he to be commended,
That e're would seek much pleasure
where grief is all his treasure :
Then to avoid all strife, &c.

II

The Widows Solace. To the Tune
Robinson Almain.

Mourn no more fair Widow,
thy tears are all in vain,
'Tis neither grief nor sorrow
can call the dead again :
Hans well enough compared,
unto the Summers Flower,
Which now is fair and pleasant,
yet withereth in an hour :
And mourne no more in vain,
as one whose faith is small ;
Be patient in affliction,
and give God thanks for all.

All men are born to dye,
the Scripture telleth plain,
Of Earth we were created,
to Earth we must again :
'Twas neither Caelus treasure,

The Garland of Good-will.

ill. no? Alexanders fame,
No? Solomon by wisdom,
that could Deaths fury tame:
No Phylick might prelerve them,
when nature did decay;
What man can hold for ever,
the thing that will away?
Then mourn no more, &c.

unc Though you have lost your Husband,
your comfort in distress;
Consider God regardeth
the Widows heaviness:
And hath strictly charged
such as his Children be,
The Fatherless and Widows,
to shield from injury:
Then mourn no more, &c.

If he were true and faithful,
and loving unto thee
Doubt not but there's in England,
enough as good as he:
But if that such affection,
within this heart was none;
Then give God prairie and glory,
that he is dead and gone:
And mourn no more, &c.

The Garland of Good-will.

Receive such Suitors friendly,
as do resort to thee,
Respect not the outward person,
but the inward gravity:
And with advised judgment,
chuse him above the rest,
Whom thou by proof hast tryed,
Then mourn no more, &c.

Then shalt thou live a life,
exempt from all annoy;
And whensoever it chanceth,
I pray God give thee joy:
And thus I make an end,
with true humillity;
In hope my simple solace,
may well excepted be:
Then mourn no More, &c.

FINIS.

12

A Gentlewomans Complaint, in that she
found her Friend faithless, which should
have continued constant.

Faith is a Figure standing now for
Faith is a fancy we ought to cast in
Faith now a days, as all the world may see
Resteth in few, and faith is fled from thee,

Is

The Garland of Good-will.

Is there any faith in strangers to be
(found?

Is there any faith lies hidden in the
(ground?

Is there any faith in men that buried be?

No, there is none, and faith is fled from
(thee.

Fled is the faith that might remain in any

fled is the faith that should remain in
(many,

fled is the faith that should in any be,

Then farewell hope, for faith is fled from
(thee.

from faith I see that every one is flying,

from faith I see that all things are a dy-
(ing;

They from faith that most in faith should
(be

And faithless thou that brake thy faith to
(me.

Thee have I sought, but thee I could
(not find,

Thou of all others was most within my
(mind;

Thee have I left, and I alone will be.

Because I find that faith is fled from
(thee

Of

The Garland of Good-will.

13.

Of the Prince of England, who wooed
the Kings Daughter of France, and how
he was slain, and she afterwards Married
to a Forrester.

To the Tune of, **Crimson Velvet.**

In the days of Old,
When fair France did flourish,
Stories plainly told,
Lovers felt annoy;
The King a Daughter had,
beautious, fair, and lovely,
Which made her Father glad,
she was his only joy:
A Prince of England came,
Whose deeds did merit Fame,
he woo'd her long, and low at last,
Look what he did require,
She granted his desire,
their hearts in one were linked fast;
Which when her Father probed,
Lord how he was moved,
and tormented in his mind,
He sought for to prevent them,
And to discontent them,
fortune crossed Lovers kind.

When

The Garland of Good-will.

When as these Princely twain,
were thus bar'd of pleasure,
Through the Kings dildain,
which their joys withstood,
The Lady lockt up close
her jewels and her treasure,
Having no remorse
of state or Royal blood:
In homely pooꝝ array,
She went from Court away,
to meet her love and hearts delight:
Who in a Forrest great,
Had taken up his seat,
to wait her coming in the night:
But lo! what sudden danger,
To this Princely stranger,
chanced as he sat alone;
By out-laws he was robbed,
And with Pontard stabbed,
uttering many dying groan.

The Princes armed by him,
and by true desire,
Wandering all that night,
without dread at all:
Still unknown the past,
in her strange attire,
Coming at the last,

within

The Garland of Good-will.

Within Echoes call,
You fair Wood, quoth she,
Honoured may you be,
harbouring my hearts delight,
Which doth incompass here,
My joy and only dear,
my trusty friend and comely Knight,
Sweet I come unto thee,
Sweet I come to wooe thee,
that thou may'st not angry be;
For my long delaying
And thy courteous staying,
amends for all I'll make to thee.

Passing thus alone,
through the silent Forest,
Many a grievous groan
sounded in her ear,
Where she heard a Man
to lament the forest,
Chance that ever came,
forc'd by deadly strife;
Farewel my dear, quoth he,
Whom I shall never see,
for why, my life is at an end,
For thy sweet sake I dye,
Through Villains cruelty,
to shew I am a faithful friend:
Here

The Garland of Good-will.

Here lye I a bleeding.

While my thoughts are feeding,
on the rarest beauty found.

O hard hap that may be,
Little knows my Lady,
my heart blood lies on the ground.

With that he gave a groan,
that break assunder

All the tender strings
of his gentle heart;

She who knew his voice,
at his tale did wonder,

All her former ioyes,
did to grief convert,

Straight she ran to see,

Who this man should be,
that so like her love did speak,

And found when as she came,

Her lovely Lord lay slain,
sineer'd in blood, which life did break.

Which when that she espyed,
Lord how sore she cryed,

her sorrows could not counted be;

Her eyes like Fountains running,

While she cry'd out my darling,

would God that I had dy'd for thee.

His

The Garland of Good-will.

His pale Lips alas,
twenty times she kissed,
And his face did wash
with her brinish tears.

Every bleeding wound,
her faire face bedewed,
Whiping off the blood
with her Golden hair.
Speak faire Prince to me,
one sweet word of Comfort giue,
Lift up thy faire eyes,
Lissen to my cries,
think in what great grief I liue:
All in vaine she liued,
All in vaine she wooed,
the Princes life was fled and gone:
There stood she still mourning,
Till the Suns approaching,
and bright day was coming on.

In this great distress,
quoth this Royal Lady,
Who can now express,
what will become of me?
To my Fathers Court
never will I wander,
But some Service seek,

Whete

The Garland of Good-will.

Where I may placed be,
Whilst she thus made her moan,
Weeping all alone,
In this deep and deadly fear :
A Forester all in green,
Most comely to be seen,
Ranging the wood did find her there,
Round beset with sorrow,
Said (quoth he) good morrow,
What hard hap hath brought you here?
Harder hap did never
Chance to a Maiden euer,
Here lies slain my Brother dear.

Where might I be plac'd,
gentle Forester tell me,
Where might I procure
a service in my need?
Pains I will not spare,
but will do my duty,
Ease me of my care,
help my extreame need.
The Forester all amazed,
On her beauty gazed,
till his heart was set on fire,
If fair Maid (quoth he)
You will go with me,
you shall have your hearts desire.

The Garland of Good-will.

He brought her to his Mother,
And above all other,
He set forth this Maidens praise,
Long was his heart inflamed,
At length her love he gained,
So fortune did his glory raise.

Thus unknown he matcht
With the Kings fair daughter,
Children seven he had,
e're she to him was known:
But when he understood
She was a Royal Princess,
By this means at last,
He shewed forth her fame:
He cloth'd his Children then,
Not like other men,
In party colours strange to see,
The right side Cloth of Gold,
The left side to behold,
Of woollen Cloth still framed he.

Men thereat did wonder,
Golden Fame did thunder,
This strange deed in every place;
The King of France came thither,
Being pleasant weather,
In these Woods the heart to chase.

The Garland of Good-will.

The Children there did stand,
as their Mother willed;
Where the Royal King
must of force come by;
Their Mother richly clad
in fair Crimson Velvet,
Their Father all in Gray,
most comely to the eye.
When this famous King,
Noting every thing,
did ask how he durst be so bold,
To let his Wife to wear,
And deck his Children there,
in costly Robes of Pearl and Gold;
The Forrester bold replied,
And the cause deserved,
and to the King he thus did say;
Well may they by their Mother,
Wear rich Gold like other,
being by birth a Princess gay.

The King upon these words,
more heedfully beheld them,
Till a crimson blush,
his conceit did cross:
The more I look (quoth he)
upon thy Wife and Children,
The more I call to mind,

The Garland of Good-will.

my daughter whom I lost,
I am that Child (quoth she)
Falling on her knee,
pardon me my Sovereign Liege :
The King perceiuing this,
His daughter dear did kiss,
till ioyful tears did stop his speech :
With his Train he turned,
And with her sojourned,
straight he dub'd her Husband Knight
He made him Earl of Flanders.
One of his chief Commanders,
thus was their sorrow put to flight.

FINIS.

Of the faithful friendship that lasted between
two faithful Friends.

To the Tune of, *Flying Fame.*

In statelie Rome sometimes did dwell
a Man of Noble Fame,
Who had a Son of seemly shape,
Alphonso was his Name :
When he was grown and come to age,
his Father thought it best,
To send his Son to Athens fair,
where Wisedoms School did rest,

And when he was to Athens come,

good

The Garland of Good-will.

good Lectures for to learn,
place to heare him with delight,
his friends did well discern:
A Noble Knight of Athens Town,
of him did take the charge,
Who had a Son Ganselo call'd,
just of his pitch and age.

In stature and in person both,
in favour, speech, and face;
in quality and conditions eke,
they agreed in every place:
so like they were in all respects,
the one unto the other,
they were not known but by their names
of Father or of Mother.

As in favour they were found,
like in all respects,
then so they did most dearly love,
and prove by good effects:
Ganselo lov'd a Lady fair,
which did in Athens dwell,
who was in beauty peerless found,
so far she did excell.

When a time it chanced so,
his fancy did him move,

E 2

That

The Garland of Good-will.

That he would visit for delight,
his Lady and his Love;
And to his true and faithful friend,
he declare the same,
Asking of him, if he would see
that fair and comely Dame.

Alphonso did thereto agree,
and with Ganselo went,
To see the Lady which he lov'd,
which bred his discontent:
But when he cast his Chrystal eyes
upon her Angels hue,
The beauty of that Lady bright,
did straight his heart subdue.

His gentle heart so wounded was,
with that fair Ladies face,
That afterwards he dailie liv'd,
in sad and woful case:
And of his grief he knew not how
therefore to make an end,
For that he knew his Ladies love,
was yielded to his friend.

Thus being sore perplext in mind,
upon his Bed he lay,
Like one which death and deep des

The Garland of Good-will.

had almost worn away:
his friend Gamelo that did see
his grief and great distress,
at length requested for to know
his cause of heaviness.

With much ado at length he told
the truth unto his friend;
Who did relieve his inward woe,
with comfort to the end:
Take courage then, dear friend, quoth he,
though she through love be mine;
By right I will resign to thee,
the Lady shall be thine,

You know our labours are alike,
our speech also likewise;
This day in mine apparel,
you shall your self disguise:
and unto Church then shall you go,
directly in my stead,
For tho' my friends suppose 'tis I,
you shall the Lady wed.

Alphonso was so well appaid,
and as they decreed,
he went that day and wedded plai,
the Lady there indeed:

The Garland of Good-will.

But when the Nuptial Feast was done,
and Phoebus quite was fled,
The Lady for Ganselo took
Alphonso to her bed.

That night they spent in pleasant sport,
and when the day was come,
A Post for fair Alphonso came,
to fetch him home to Rome:
Then was the matter plainly prov'd,
Alphonso wedded was,
And not Ganselo to that Dame,
which brought great woe, alas.

Alphonso being gone to Rome,
with this his Lady gay,
Ganselo's Friends and kindred all,
in such a rage did stay,
That they depriv'd him of his wealth,
his Land and rich Attire;
And banish'd him their Country quite,
in rage and wrathful ire.

With sad and pensive thoughts alas,
Ganselo wandred then,
Who was constrain'd thro' want to beg
relief of many men.
In this distress oft would he say,

The Garland of Good-will.

to Rome I mean to go,
To seek Alphonso, my dear friend,
who will relieve my woe.

To Rome when poore Ganselo came,
and found Alphonso's place,
Which was so famous, huge, and fair.
himself in such poore case;
he was ashamed to shew himself,
in that his poore array,
Saying Alphonso knows me well:
if he would come this way.

Therefore he staid within the street,
Alphonso then came by,
But heeding not Ganselo poore,
his friend that stood so nigh:
Which grieved Ganselo to the heart,
quoth he, and is it so?
Doth proud Alphonso now disdain,
his friend indeed to know?

In desperate sort away he went,
into a Barn hard by,
And presently he drew his kniffe,
thinking thereby to dye:
And bitterly in sorrow there,
he did lament and weep,

The Garland of Good-will:
And being over-weighed with grief,
he there fell fast asleep.

While soundly there he sweetly slept,
came in a murdering Chief,
And saw a naked knife iye by,
this man so full of grief:
The knife so bright he took up straight,
and went away again,
And thrust it in a murdered man,
which before he had slain.

And afterwards he went with speed,
and put this bloody knife,
Into his hand that sleeping lay,
to save himself from strife:
Which done, away in haste he ran,
and that search was made,
Ganselo with his bloody knife,
was for the murder laid.

And brought before the Magistrate,
who did confesse most plain,
That he indeed with that same knife,
the murdered man had slain:
Alphenso sitting there as Judge,
and knowing Ganselo's face,
To save his friend, did say, himself
was guilty in that case,

Mon

The Garland of Good-will.

None, quoth Alphonso, kill'd the man;
my Lord, but only I,
And therefore let this poore man free,
and let me justly dye:
Thus while for death these faithfull
in striving did proceed, (friends
The man before the Senate came,
which did the fact indeed.

Who being moved with remorse,
their friendly hearts to see,
Did say before the Judges plain,
none did the fact but he:
Thus when the truth was plainly told,
of all sides joy was seen,
Alphonso did embrace his friend,
which had so woofull been.

In rich array he cloathed him,
as fitted his degree,
And bestowd him to his Lands again,
and former Dignity:

The Murderer for telling truth,
had pardon at that time.

Who afterwards lamented much,
this foul and grievous crime.

FINIS

The

THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
GARLAND of GOOD-WILL

Song 1.

A Pastoral Song to the Tune of,
Hey-bo Holiday.

UPon a down where Shepherds keep
piping pleasant Lays,
Two country Maids were keeping sheep,
and sweetly chanted round delays:
Three Shepherds each an Datten Reed,
blaming Cupids cruel wrong,
Unto these Rural Nymphs agreed,
to keep a tuneful Under-song.

And so they were in number five,
Musicks number sweet,
And we the like, let us contrive,
to sing their Song in order meet:
Fair Phillis part I take to me,
she 'gainst loving Winds complains;
And Amarillis, thou shalt be,
she defends the Shepherds Swains.

Ph. Fye on the flights that men devise,
Sh. Hey ho, fill flights:

Ph. When

The Garland of Good-will.

P. When simple maids they would intice
S. Maidens are youngmens chief delighis:
A. Nay women they which with their eyes
S. Eyes like beams of burning Sun:
A. And men once caught they soon despise
S. So are Shepherds oft undone.

P. If any young-man win a Maid,
S. Happy man is he;
P. By trusting him she is betray'd,
S. Fye upon such Trechery: (guiles,
A. If Maids which young-men with their
S. Hey ho, hey ho, guiltless grief,
A. They deal like weeping Crocodiles,
S. That murthre men without releif.

P. I know a silly Country Hind,
S. Hey ho, hey ho, silly Swain!
P. To whom fair Daphne proved kind,
S. Was he not kind to her again?
P. He vow'd to Pan with many an Oath,
S. Hey ho, hey ho, Shepherds God is he;
A. Yet since he hath chang'd broke's truth
S. Troth plight broke, will plagued be.

A. She had deceiv'd many Swain,
S. Fye upon false deceit;
A. And plighted troth to them in vain,
S. There

The Garland of Good-will.

S. There can be no grief more great,
A. Her measure was with meASURE paid,
S. Hey ho, hey ho, equal need;
A. She was heguiled that was betray'd,
S. So shall all deceivers speed.

P. If ever Maid were like to me,
S. Hey ho, hey ho, hard of heart!
P. Both love and lovers scorn'd should be,
S. Scooners should be sure of smart:
A. If every maid were of my mind,
S. Hey ho, hey ho, lovely sweet, (kind
A. They to their Lovers should prove
S. Kindness is for Maidens meet.

P. Methinks Love is an idle toy,
S. Hey ho, hey ho, busie plain,
P. Both wit and sense it doth annoy,
S. Both wit and sense thereby we gain:
A. Tush Phyllis, cease, be not so coy,
P. Hey ho, hey ho, my disdain!
A. I know you love a Shepherds Boy,
S. Fye on that woman so can feign.

P. Well, Amarillis, now I yield,
S. Shepherds sweetly pipe aloud,
P. Love conquers both in town and field,
S. Like a Tyrant fierce and proud:

Am,

The Garland of Good-will.

A. The Evening-Star is up we see,
S. Vesper shines, we must away,
P. Would every Lady would agree,
S. So we end our round delay.

8.

Of Patient Gissel and a Noble Marques.
Tune is, The Brides Wood-morro.

A Noble Marques as he did ride a
hard by a River side, (hunting
A proper Maiden as she did sit a spinning
his gentle eye espy'd: (was she
Most fair and lovely, and of comely grace
altho' in simple attire, (melodiously
She sang most sweet with pleasant voice
The more he lookt, the more he might,
Beauty bred his hearts delight,
and to this Damsel he went:
God speed quoth he, thou famous flower
Fair Mistis of this homely Bower,
where love & vertue liues with sweet con-
tent.
With comely gesture, & modest mild beha-
she had him welcome then, (hour
She entertain'd him in faithful friendly
and all his Gentlemen: (manner
The

The Garland of Good-will.

The noble Marques in his heart felt such
which set his senses all at strife: (same
Quoth he fair Maiden shew soon what is
I mean to take thee to my wife (thy name
Grissel is my name, quoth she,
Far unfit for your degree,

a silly Maiden, and of Parents poor:
Nay Grissel, thou art rich he said,
A vertuous, fair, and comely Maid,
grant me thy love, and I will ask no
(more

At length she consented, & being both con-
they married were with speed; (tented
Her country russet, was turn'd to silk and
as to her state agreed: (helvet

And when that she was trimly tired in the
her beauty shin'd most bright; (same
Far staining every other brave & comely
that did appear in her sight: (dame

Many envied her therefore,
Because she was of Parents poor, (raise
and twist her Lord & her great strife did
Some said this, and some said that,
Some did call her Beggars brat,
and to her Lord they would her of dis-
praise.

O noble Marques, quoth they, why do
thus basely for to woe; (you wrong us
That

The Garland of Good-will.

That might have got an honourable La-
into your Princely Bed: (dy,
Who will not now your noble issue still
which shall be hereafter born; (deride,
That are of blood so base by the mothers
the which will bring them to scorn. (side,
Put her therefore quite away,
Take to you a Lady gay,
whereby your linage may renowned be;
thus every day they seem'd to prate,
That mask'd Grissels good estate, (ently,
who took all this most mild and pati-
(were bent thus
When that the Marquesse did see that they
against his faithful wife,
Who most dearly, tenderly, and intirely,
he loved as his life: (heart
Minding in secret for to prove her patient
thereby her foes to disgrace; (part,
Thinking to play a hard, discourteous
that men might pittie her case:
Great with Child this Lady was,
And at length it came to pass,
two goodly children at one birth she had;
A Son and Daughter God had sent,
Which did their Father well content,
and which did make their Mothers
(heart full glad.
Great

The Garland of Good-will.

Great Royal feasting were at the Children
& Princely triumph made, (Christning
Six weeks together all nobles that came
were entertain'd and staid : (thither
& when yt, all these pleasant sportings quite
the Marqu. a Messenger sent were done
for his young daughter, and his pretty
declaring his full intent ; (smiling son
How that the Babes must murdered be
For to the Marquess did decree.

Come let me have the Children he said,
With that fair Grissel wept full sore,
She wrung her hands and said no more
my gracious Lord must have his will lo-
ber'd.

She took the Babies from the nurling
between her tender arms, (Ladies

She often wishes, with many sorrowful
that she might help their harms, (kisses
Farewel, quoth she, my Children deat,
never shall I see you again ;

'Tis long of me, your sad & woful mother
for whose sake you must be slain : (deat
Had I been born of Royal Race,
You might have liv'd in happy case,

but now you must die for my unworth-
Come Messenger of Death, quoth she (nest
Take my despised Babies to thee,

and

The Garland of Good-will.

to their Father my complaints express;

He took the Children, & to his noble Master
he brought them forth with speed;

Who secretly sent them unto a noble
to be nurs'd up indeed: (Lady

Then to fair Grissel with a heavy heart he
where she sat mildly all alone, (goes
pleasant gesture, and a lovely look she
as if grief she had never known: (shows

Quoth he) my Children now are slain,
What thinks fair Grissel of the same,

Sweet Grissel now declare thy mind to
With you my Lord are pleas'd with it (me

poor Grissel thinks the action fit,
both I and mine at your command

(will be.
The Nobles murmur, fair Grissel at thy
and I no joy can have, (honor

Till thou be banish'd from my Court and
as they unjustly crave: (presents

Thou must be strip'd out of thy stately gar-
and as thou comest to me, (ments

In homely gray, instead of silk and purple
now all my cloathing must be: (wall

My Lady thou must be no more,
For I thy Lord which grieves me sore,

the poorest life must now content thy mind

The Garland of Good-will.

A Coat to thee I may not give,
Thee to maintain while I do live,
'gainst my Grissel such great foes I find.

When gentle Grissel heard these wofull ty,
the tears stood in her eyes, (dinge
She nothing said, no words of discontent
did from her lips arise: (ment

Her velvet Down most patiently she stript off
her Girdle of Silk of the same; (a scott
Her russet gown was brought gain with many
to bear them all her self did frame:

When she was drest in this array,
And ready was to part away,

God send long life unto my Lord, quoth
Let no offence be found in this, (she
To give my Lord a parting kiss,
with watry eyes, farewell my dear, quoth

From stately Pallace unto her fathers
poor Grissel now is gone; (Cottage

Full fifteen winters she liv'd there contented,
no wrong she thought upon; (speeches went

And at that time through all the land the
the Marquess should married be

Unto a Noble Lady of high descent,
and to the same all parties did agree.

The Marquess sent for Grissel fair,
The

the Brides Bed-chamber to prepare.
nothing should therein be found awry,
the Bride was with her Brother come,
which was great joy to all and some,
and Grisel took all this most patiently
(should be wedded)
in the morning when that they
her patience now was try'd,
Grisel was charged, in Princely manner
to attire the Bride: (same
willingly she gave consent unto the
the Bride in her bravery was dress;
presently the noble Marqu. thither came
with all the Ladies at his request:
Grisel I would ask of thee
to this Match thou wouldst agree;
methinks thy looks are waxed wondrous
With that they all began to smile; (coy;
Grisel she replies the while,
God send Lord Marquess many years
(of joy
the Marqu. was moved, to see his best
thus patient in distress, (beloved
hept unto her, by the hand he took her
these words he did express (to have
art the Bride, and all the Brides I mean
these two thy own Children be, (dave
youthful Lady on her knees did blessing
F 2 the

The Ga, Good-will,
the Brother as willing as she :
And you that envy her estate,
Whom I have made my loving Ma
now bluth for shame, & honor vertue
The Chronicles of lasting fame,
Shall evermore extol the name,
of Patient Grissel my most constant m

FINIS

A pleasant Dialogue between plain Truth
and blind Ignorance.

Truth.

GOD speed you ancient Father,
and giue you a good day,
What is the cause I pray you,
so sadly here you stay ?
And that you keep such gazing,
on this decayed place,
The which for Superstition,
good Princes down did raze.
Ignorance.

Chill tell thee by my vazen,
that Sometimes che have known
A vaine and goodly Abbey,
stand here of Brick and Stone :
And many holy Arier,

The Garland of Good-will.

Which may say to thee;
Within these goodly Cloysters,
We did bull often see.

Truth.

I must tell thee, Father,
Truth and verity,
Of greater hypocrites,
I couldst not likely see:
Of the simple,
False and feigned lies,
With an order truly,
Ist did never devise.

Ignorance.

Thou smell thee now man,
I know well what thou art;
How of mean Learning,
This not worth a hart:
When we had the Old Law;
Merry world was then,
Every thing was plenty,
Among all sorts of men.

Truth.

I best me an answer,
And the Jews sometimes,
The Prophet Jeremy,
He accus'd their crimes:
Merry (said the people)
Joyful in our Realm,

F 3.

Which

The Garland of Good-will,
Which did offer Spice Takes
unto the Queen of Heaven.

Ignorance.

Chill tell thee what good bellow,
before the Cheese went hence,
A Bushel of the best Wheat
was soult for vourteen pence:
And forty Eggs a penny,
that were both good and new;
And this the say my self have seen
and yet ich am no Jew.

Truth.

Within the sacred Bible,
we find it written plain;
The latter days should troublesome
and dangerous be certain:
That we should be self-lovers,
and Charity war cold;
Then 'tis not true Religion
that makes the grief to hold.

Ignorance.

Chill tell thee my opinion plain,
and choul that well ye knew,
Ich care not for the Bible Book,
'tis too big to be true:
Our blessed Ladies Psalter,
shall for my moeny go,
Such pitty Prayers as there be,

The Garland of Good-will.
the Bible cannot shew.

Truth.

Now hast thou spoken truly,
for in that Book indeed,
No mention of our Lady,
or Romish Saint we read;
For by the blessed Spirit
that Book indited was,
And not by simple Persons,
as is the foolish Gals.

Ignorance.

Chamzure they are not hoodish,
that made the Gals che trow;
Why man? 'tis all in Latin,
and Fools no Latine know:
Were not our Fathers wise men,
and they did like it well,
Who very much rejoyced
to hear the zeering Bell.

Truth.

But many Kings and Prophets,
as I may say to thee.
Have wisht the Light that you have,
and could it never see:
For what art thou the better,
a Latine Song to hear,
And understandest nothing,
that they sing in the Quire?

F 4

Ignorance.

The Garland of Good-will.

Ignorance.

O hold thy peace, chy pray thee,
the noue was passing trim;
To hear the Ariers zinging,
as we did enter in:
And then to see the Rood-lost;
so bravelv zet with Sainys.
And now to zee them wandring;
my heart with zorrow baints.

Truth.

The Lord did giue Commandment
no Image thou should'st make,
Nor that unto Idolatry
you should your self betake:
The Golden Calf of Israel,
Moses did therefore spoil,
And Baals Priests and Temple,
he brought to utter foile.

Ignorance.

But our Lady of Walsingham,
was a pure and holy Sainyt,
And many men in Pilgrimage,
did shew to her Complaint:
Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,
and many others mo,
The holy Maid of Kent likewise,
did many wonders shew.

Truth.

The Garland of Good-will.

Truth.

Such Saints are well agreeing,
to your profession sure;
And to the men that made them,
so precious and so pure:
The one was found a Traytor,
and judged worthy death,
The other eke for Treason,
did end his hateful breath.

Ignorance.

Pea, pea, it is no matter,
dispraise them how you will;
But sure they did much goodnes,
when they were with us still:
We had our holy Water,
and holy Bread likewise,
And many holy Reliques,
we saw before our eyes.

Truth.

And all this while they fed you
with vaine and sundry shows,
Which never Christ commanded,
as learned Doctors knows,
Search then the holy Scriptures,
and you shall plainly see,
That headlong to Damnation,
they always trained be.

Ignorance

The Garland of Good-will.

Ignorance.

If it be true good bellow,
as thou dost say to me;
Then to my Saviour Iesus,
alone then will I flee:
Believing in the Gospel,
and passion of his Son,
And with the subtil Papists,
ich for ever done.

FINIS.

3.

The overthrow of proud *Holofernes*, and the
Triumph of vertuous Queen *Judith*.

When King Nebuchadnezzar
was puffed up with pride,
He sent forth many Men of War,
by Holofernes guide: (out,
To plague and spoil the world through-
by fierce Belshazzar's Rod,
That would not fear and honour him,
and acknowledge him their God,

Which when the holy Israelites
did truly understand,
For to prevent this Tyranny,
they fortified their Land:

Their

The Garland of Good-will.
Their Towns and stately Cities strong
they did with Aliqualls store;
Their warlike weapons, they prepar'd,
their furious For to gore

When stately Holofernes then,
had knowledge of that thing,
That they had thus prepar'd themselves
for to withstand the King:
Quoth he, what God is able now,
to keep these men from me?
Is there a greater then our King,
whom all men fear to see?

Come march with me, therefore he said,
my Captains every one,
And first unto Bethulia,
with speed let us be gone:
I will destroy each Mothers Son,
that is within the Land,
Their God shall not deliver them,
out of my furious hand.

Wherefore about Bethulia,
that little City then,
On foot he planted up and down,
an hundred thousand men:
Twelve thousand more on horses brave,
about

The Garland of Good-will.

about the Town had he,
He stoppt their springs and water-pipes,
to work their misery,

When four and thirty days they had,
with Wars besieged been ;
The poor Berhulians at that time,
so thirsty then were seen :
That they were like to starve and dye,
they were both weak and faint,
The people against the Rulers cry,
and this was their complaint,

Better it is for us, quoth they,
to yield unto our Foe.
Then by this great and grievous thirst,
to be destroyed so :
O render up the Town therefore,
we are forsaken quite :
There is no means to escape their hands
who might escape their might :

When as their grievous Rulers heard,
the Clamours which they made,
Good people be content, said they,
and be no whit dismay'd ;
Yet five days stay in hope of health,
God will reward your wo ;

But if by then, no succour come,
we'll yeld unto our Foe.

When Iudith (prudent princely Dame)
had tydings of this thing;
Which was Manasses beautilous wife,
that sometimes was their King:
Why tempt ye God to sore, she said,
before all men this day;
Whom mortal men in conscience ought
to fear and eke obey?

If you will grant me leave, quoth she,
to pass abroad this night,
To Holofernes I will go,
for all his furious might:
But what I there intend to do,
enquire not now of me.
So then in peace, fair Dame, they said,
and God be still with thee.

When she from them was gotten home,
within her Pallace-Gate,
She called to her, chiefest Maid,
that on her then did wait:
Bring me my best attire, quoth she,
and Jewels of fine Gold,
And wash me with the finest Balms,
the

The Garland of Good-will.
that are of Silver told.

The fairest and the richest Robe,
that then she did possess,
Upon her dainty Corps she put,
and eke her hair did dress:
With costly Pearls, & precious Stones,
and Ear-rings of fine Gold;
That like an Angel she did seem,
most sweet for to behold.

A Pot of sweet and pleasant Oyl.
she took with her that time,
A Bag of figs, and fine wheat-flower,
a bottle of fine Wine:
Because she would not eat with them,
that worship Gods of Stone,
And from the City thus she went,
with one poor Maid alone.

Much ground alas, she had not gone,
out of her own City;
But that the Centinels espy'd
a woman wondrous pittie: (they,
From whence came you fair Maid, quoth
and where walk you so late?
From yonder Town, good Sir, quoth she,
unto your Lord of high estate.

When

The Garland of Good-will.

When they did mark and view her well,
and saw her fair beauty;
And therewithal her rich array,
so gorgeous to the eye:
They were amazed in their minds,
so fair a Dame to see,
They set her in a Chariot then,
in place of high degree.

An hundred proper chosen men,
they did appoint likewise,
To wait on Princely Judith there,
whose beauty clear'd their eyes:
And all the Souldiers running came,
to view her as she went,
And thus with her they pass along,
unto the Generals Tent.

Then came this stately Guard in haste,
saw Judith for to meet;
And to their high renowned Lord,
they brought this Lady sweet:
And then before his honour,
upon her knee she fell,
her beauty bright made him to muse,
so far she did excel.

Rise up Renowned Dame, quoth he,
the

the Glorv of that kind,
 And he no wit adalyt at all,
 to shew thee my mind:
 When she had uttered her intent;
 her wit amaz'd them all,
 And Holofernes therewith,
 by love was brought to thrall.

And bearing in his lofty bzeast,
 the flames of hot delire,
 He granted ebery thing to her,
 she did of him requyre:
 Each night therefore he gave her leaze
 to walk abroad to pray;
 According to her owne request,
 which she had made that day.

When she in Camp had three days been
 near Holofernes Tent,
 His chiefest Friend Lord Treasurer,
 unto her then he sent:
 Fair Dame, quoth he, my Lord com-
 this night your Company, (mands
 Quoth she, I will not my dear Lord
 in any thing deny.

A very great and sumptuous Feast,
 did Holofernes make,

Among

The Garland of Good-will.

Amongst the Lords and Knights,
and all for Judiths sake:
But of their dainties in no case,
would pleasant Judith taste,
Yet Holofernes merry was,
so near him she was plac'd.

And being very pleasantly,
disposed at that time,
He drunk with them abundantly;
of strong deucious Wine.
So that his strength and memory,
so far from him was fled;
They laid him down, and Judith then;
was brought unto his bed.

When all the doors about were shut,
and every one was gone,
Laid by the Pillow of his bed;
his Sword she spy'd anon:
Then down she took it presently,
to God for strength she prayed,
She cut his head from his shoulders quicke
and gave it to her Maid.

The rich and golden Canopy;
that hung over his bed,
She took the same with her likewise,
with

The Garland of Good-will.

With Hololernes Head :
And thus through all the Court of guards
she icaped clean away ;
None did her stay, thinking that she
had gone forth to play.

When she had past, escap'd quite,
the danger of them all,
And that she was come near unto,
the besieged Cities wall :
Come open me the gates, quoth she,
our Foe the Lord hath slain,
See here his head within my hand,
that boze to great a Fame.

Upon a pole they pitcht his head,
that all men might it spy,
And oze the City wall forthwith,
they set it presently :
Then all the Souldiers in the Town,
marcht forth in rich array,
But sure their Foes spy'd their approach
for 'twas at break of day.

Then running haffily to call,
their General out of Bed ;
Thy found his livelefs body there,
but clean without a head :

When

The Garland of Good-will.

When this was known, all in a maze,
they fled away each man;
They left their tents full rich behind,
and so away they ran.

Lo here, behold, how God provides,
for them that in him trust,
When earthly hopes is all in vain,
he takes us from the dust:
How often hath our Judith sav'd
and kept us from decay,
Gainst Holoernes and the Pope,
as may be seen this day.

F I N I S.

⁵
A Princely Ditty, in praise of the English
R O S E.
Translated out of *French*.

Amongst the Princely Paragons,
Bedect with dainty Diamonds,
Within my eye, none doth come nigh,
the sweet Red Rose of England;
The Lillies pass in bravery,
In Flanders, Spain, and Italy,
But yet the famous flower of France,
doth honour the Rose of England.

The Garland of Good-will.

As I abroad was walking,
I heard the small birds talking:
And every one did frame her song,
in praise of the Rose of England.
The Lillies, &c.

Cæsar may vaunt of Victories,
And Cressus of his happiness, (breast,
But he were blest, that may bear in his
the sweet Red Rose of England.
The Lillies, &c.

The bravest Lute bring hither,
And let us sing together,
Whilst I do ring on every string,
the praise of the Rose of England,
The Lillies, &c,

The sweet perfumes and Spices,
The wise-men brought to Jesus:
Did never smell a quarter so well,
as doth the Rose of England.
The Lillies, &c.

Then fair and Princely Flower,
That ever my heart doth power:
None may be compared to thee,
which art the fair Rose of England.
The Lillies, &c.

The Garland of Good-will.

8

A Communication between Fancy and
Desire.

Come hither Shepherds Swain,
Sir, what do you require?
I pray thee shew thy Name,
my name is fond desire.

When wast thou born desire,
in pomp and pride of May,
By whom sweet child wast thou begot?
of fond conceit men say.

Tell me, who was thy Nurse?
sweet youth, and sugred joys,
What was thy meat and dainty food?
sad sighs and great annoys.

What hadst thou for to drink?
unlaborious Lovers tears,
What Cradle was thou rocked in?
in Love devoid of fears.

What lull'd thee then asleep?
sweet Speech, which likes me best,
Tell me where is thy dwelling place?
in gentle hearts I rest.

D 3

What

The Garland of Good-will.

What thing do please thee most,
to gaze on beauty still :
Whom dost thou think to be thy Foe ?
disdain of thy good-will.

Doth Company displease,
ye sure, many one ;
Where doth desire delight to liue ?
he loves to liue alone :

Doth either time or Age,
bring him into decay ?
No, no, Desire both liues and dyes,
ten thousand times a day,

Then fond desires farewell,
thou art no meat for me ;
I would loath to dwell,
with such a one as thee,

FINIS.

TH

The Garland of Good-will.

THE
THIRD PART

Of the
GARLAND of GOOD-WILL.

Song I.

A Maids Choice, 'twixt Age and Youth.

Crabbed Age and Youth,
cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasure,
age is full of care:
Youth's like Summers morn,
age like winters weather,
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is wild, and age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame:
Age I do abhor thee,
Youth I do adore thee,
O my Love, my Lord is young,
Age I do desie thee,
O sweet Shepherd hye thee,
for methinks thou stay'st too long,
here I do attend,
arm'd by love and pleasure:
With my youthful Friend,
joyful for to meet:

The Garland of Good-will.

Here I do wait,
for my only treasure,
Venus sugred habit,
fancy dainty sweet :
Like a loving wife,
So lead I my life,
thirsting for my hearts desire
Come sweet youth, I pray,
Away old man, away.
thou canst not give what I require ;
For Did age I care not,
Come my Love and spare not,
age is feeble, youth is strong,
Age I do desire thee,
O sweet Shepherd hve thee,
for methinks thou stay'st too long,

Phœbus stay thy Steeds
over-swift running ;
Drive not on so fast,
bright resplendent Sun :
For fair Daphnes sake,
now expresse thy cunning ;
Pitty on me take,
else I am undone ;
Pour hours swift of flight,
I hat waste with Titans light,
and so consume the chearful day :

The Garland of Good-will.

O stay a while with me,
Till I my Love may see;
O youth thou dost so long delay:
Time will over-slip us,
And in pleasure trip us,
Come away therefore with speed;
I would not lose an hour,
For faire Londons Tower,
Venus therefore help my need.

Flora's banks are spread,
in their rich attire,
With their daintie Violet,
and the p. anrose sweet:
Daisies white and red,
fitting youths desire,
Whereby the Daisidilly,
and the Cowslip meet;
All for youths behove,
Their fresh Colours move,
in the Meadows green and gay;
The birds with sweeter notes,
So strain their pretty throats,
to entertain my love this way,
I with twenty wishes,
And an hundred kisses,
would receive him by the hand:
If he gave not me a fall,

The Garland of Good-will.

I would him Toward call,
and all unto my word would stand.

Lo here he appears,
like young Adonis,
Ready to set on fire,
the chafteſt heart alive,
Jewel of my life
welcome where thine one is,
Pleasant are thy looks,
sorrows to deprive;
Embracing thy darling dear,
Without all doubtful fear;
on thy command I wholly rest,
Do what thou wilt to me,
Therein I agree,
and be not strange to my request;
To youth I only yield,
Age fits not Venus field:
tho' I be conquered what care I,
In ſuch a pleaſant war,
Come meet me if you dare,
who firſt miſtakes, let them cry.

FINIS.

AS you came from the holy Land,
of Wallingham,
Met you not with my true Love,

by

The Garland of Good-will.

by the way as you came ?
How should I know your true Love,
that have met many a one,
As I came from the holy land,
that have come, that have gone;

She is neither white nor brown,
but as the heavens fair ;
There is none hath a form so divine,
on the earth, in the air ;
Such a one did I meet (good sir)
with angel-like face,
Who like a Queen did appear,
in her gate, in her grace,

She hath left me here all alone,
all alone and unknown,
Who sometimes lov'd me as her life,
and called me her own ;
What's the cause she hath left thee alone
and a new way doth take,
That sometime did love thee as her life,
and her joy did thee make ?

I loved her all my youth,
but now am old as you see,
Love liketh not the falling fruit,
nor the withered tree ;

For

The Garland of Good-will.

For Love is a careless Child,
and forgers promise past;
He is blind, he is not deaf, when he list,
and in faith never fast.

For love is a great delight,
And yet a trustless joy,
he is won with a word of despair,
And is lost with a Toy:
such is the Love of Woman kind;
O! the word (Love) abused,
Under which many childish desires,
and conceits are excused.

But Love is a durable fire,
in the mind ever burning;
Never sick, never dead, never cold,
from it self never turning.

4

The winning of *Cales*.

Long had the proud Spaniard,
advanced to conquer us,
Threatning our Country
with Fire and Sword:
Often preparing
their Navy most sumptuous,
With all the provision

that

The Garland of Good-will
that Spain could afford :
Dub, a dub, dub,
thus strikes the Drums,
Can ta-ra ta-ra-ra,
English men comes.

To the Seas presently,
went our Lord Admirall,
With Knights Courageous,
and Captains full good,
The Earl of Essex,
a prosperous General,
With him prepared,
to pass the salt Flood.
Dub, a dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedily,
took they Ships Gallantly ;
Flavier Ships never
were seen under sail :
With their faire Colours spread,
and Streamers o're their head ;
Now bragging Spaniards
take heed of your tayl.
Dub, a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunningly,
came we most happily ;

Where

The Garland of Good-will.

Where the King's Naby,
did secretly Ride,
Being upon their backs
piercing their Buts of Sack
E're that the Spaniard
our coming discry'd ;
Tan ta-ra-ra-ra, Englishmen comes,
bounce abounce, bounce abounce,
Off went the Guns.

Great was the crying,
running and riding,
Which at that season
was made in that place :
Then Beacons was fired,
as need was required,
To hide their great treasure,
they had little space ;
Alas they cryed
English men comes.

There you might see the Ships,
how they were fired fast ;
And how the men drowned
themselves in the Sea :
That you might hear them cry,
waile and weep piteously,
When as they saw no shift.

The Garland of Good-will:
to escape thence away:
Dub a dub, &c.

The great Saint Phillip,
the pride of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom,
and sunk into the Sea:
But the Saint Andrew,
and eke the Saint Matthew,
We took in Fight manfully,
and brought them away:
Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex,
most Valiant and hardy,
With Horse-men and Foot-men,
marcht towards the Town:
The Enemies which saw them,
full greatly affrighted,
Did flye for their safeguard,
and durst not come down:
Dub a dub, &c.

Now, quoth the Noble Earl,
courage my Souldiers all,
fight and be Valiant,
the Spoyl you shall have:
And well rewarded all,

from

The Garland of Good-will.
from the great to the small :
But look that the women
and Children you save,
Dub, a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight,
saw 'twas in vain to fight ;
Hung up their Flags of truce,
yielding up the Town :
The marcht in presently,
decking the walls on high,
With our English Colours,
which purchased Renown,
Dub, a dub, &c.

Entring the Houses then,
of the Richest men,
For Gold and Treasure,
we searched each day :
In some places we did find,
Pyre baking in the Oven,
Meat at the fire Roasting,
and men ran away,
Dub, a dub, &c.

Full of rich Merchandize,
every Shop we did see,
Damask and Sattins,

The Garland of Good-will

and velvet full fair :

Which Souldiers measure out,
by the length of their Swords ;
Of all commodities,
and each one had a share,
Dub, a dub; &c.

Thus Cales was taken,
and our brave General
Marcht to the Market-place,
there he did stand ;
There many Prisoners
of good account were took,
Many crav'd mercy,
and mercy they found,
Dub, a dub, &c.

When as our General,
saw they delayed time,
And would not ransom
the Town as they said
With their fair wainscots,
their presses and beadsteads,
Their Joynt-stools and Tables,
a fire we made ;
And when the Town burnt in a flame;
With tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra-rat,
from thence we came :

H

How

The Garland of Good-will.

How King ⁴Edward the Third, and the
fair Countesse of Salisbury, setting
forth her constancy and endless glory.

When as Edward the third did live,
the valient King,
David of Scotland to rebell,
did then begin:
The Town of Barwick suddenly
from us he won,
And burnt Newcastle to the ground,
thus strife began:
To Roxbury-Castle marcht he then,
And by the force of warlike men,
besieg'd therein a gallant fair Lady;
While that her husband was in France,
his Countries honour to advance,
the noble and famous Earl of Salisbury.

Brave Sir William Montague,
rode then in haste,
Who declared unto the King,
the Scottish mens boast:
Who like a Lyon in a rage,
did straightway prepare,
For to deliver that fair Lady,
from woful care:

The Garland of Good-will.

But when the Scottish-men did hear her say
Edward our King was come that day,
they rais'd their siege, & ran away with speed
So when that he did thither come,
With warlike Trumpet, Fife and Drum
none but a gallant Lady did him meet.

Who when he did with greedy eyes
behold and see,
Her peerless beauty int'al'd
his Majesty:
And ever the longer that he lookt,
the more he might;
For in her only beauty was
his hearts delight.
And humbly then upon her knee,
She thank his Royal Majesty,
that he had driven danger from her gate:
Lady, quoth he, stand up in peace,
Although my war doth now encrease,
Lord keep you, she all hurt from your state

Now is the King full sad in Soul,
and wots not why,
And for the love of the fair Countess
of Salisbury.

She little knowing his cause of grief,
did come to see,

The Garland of Good-will.

Wherefore his Highness late alone;
To heauily, (he
I haue been wrong'd faire Dame (quoth
Since I came hither unto thee;
no, God forbid my Sovereign, she said,
If I were worthy for to know,
The cause and ground of this your woe;
you should be helpt, if it did lye in me.

Swear to perform thy word to me,
thou Lady gay,
To thee sorrows of my heart,
I will be pray,
I swear by all the Saints in Heauen,
I will (quoth she)
And let my Lord haue no mistrust
at a'l in me.

Then take thy self aside he said,
For why, thy beauty hath betray'd;
Wounding a King with thy bright shining
If thou do then some mercy shew, (eye,
Thou shalt expell a princely woe,
so shall I liue or else in sorrow dye.

You haue your wish, my Sovereign Lord
effectually;
Take all the leaue that I can giue
your Majesty.

But

The Garland of Good-will.

But on thy beauty all my joys,
have their abode,
Take thou my beauty from my face,
my gracious Lord;
Didst thou not swear to grant my will,
that I may. I will fulfill:
All then for my love, let my true love be seen
By Lord your speech I might reprove,
You cannot give to me your Love,
for that belongs unto your Queen.

But I suppose your Grace did this
only to try,
Whether a wanton tale might tempt
dame Salisbury.
Not from your self therefore my Liege,
my steps do stray;
But from your wanton tempting tale,
I go my way:
I turn again my Lady bright,
Come unto me my hearts delight;
gone is the comfort of my penive heart,
Here comes the Earl of Warwick he,
The Father of this fair Lady,
my mind to him I mean for to impart.

Why is my Lord and Sovereign King,
so griev'd in mind?

The Garland of Good-will.

Because that I have lost the thing
I cannot find,
What thing is that my gracious Lord
which you have lost?
It is my heart which is near dead,
betwixt fire and frost?
Curst be that fire and frost too,
That caused this you highness woe;
O Warwick! thou dost wrong me very
it is thy Daughter Noble Earl, (sore
That heaven-bright lamp, that peerless pearl
which kills my heart, yet do I her adore

If that be all (my gracious King)
that works your grief,
I will perswade the scornful Dame,
to yield relief;
Never shall she my Daughter be,
if she refuse,
The love and favour of a King,
may her excuse:
Thus wise Warwick went away,
And quite contrary he did say,
when as he did the beauteous Countess meet,
Well met my Daughter (quoth he)
A message I must do to thee,
our Royal King most kindly doth thee greet,
The

The Garland of Good-will

The King will dye, lest thou to him
do grant thy love;

To love, my husbands love •

I would remove.

It is right Charity to love
my Daughter dear,

But no true love so charitable,
for to appear :

His greatness may bear out the shame,
But his Kingdom cannot buy out the blame.

He craves thy love, that may bereave

It is my duty to move this, (thy life

But not thy honesty to yield I wis,

I mean to dye a true unspotted wife.

Now hast thou spoken my daughter dear
as I would have;

Charity bears a Golden Name,
unto the Grave :

And when to thy wedded Lord
thou provest untrue,

Then let my bitter curses still,
thy Soul pursue :

Then with a smiling chear go thou,

As right and reason both allow, (mind

yet shew the King thou bearest no strumpets

go dear Father with a trice,

And by a sight of fine device,

The Garland of Good-will.

Ile cause the K. confess that I am unkind

Here comes the Lady of my life,
the King did say,

My Father bids me S oberaign Lord
your will obey;

And I consent, if you will grant
one boon to me,

I grant it thee, my Lady fair,
where e're it be,

My husband is alive you know,

First let me kill him e're I go,

and at your command I will ever be:

Thy husband now in France doth rest,

No, no, he lies within my breast:

and being so nigh, he will my falshood
(see

With that she started from the King,
and took her knife,

And desperately she thought to rid
her self of life:

The King he started from the Chair,
her hand to stay,

O Noble King, you have broke your word
with me this day,

Thou shalt not do this deed, quoth he,

Then never I will lye with thee;

no, then live still and let me bear the blame

The Garland of Goodwill.

Live in honour and high estate,
With thy true Lord and wedded mate;
I never will attempt this suit again.

5
The Spanish Ladies Love to an English Gentleman.

Will you hear a Spanish Lady,
how she woo'd an English man,
Garment gay, as rich as may be,
deckt with Jewels had she on;
Of a comely countenance,
and grace was she,
And by birth and Parentage,
of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
in his hands her life did lye,
Cupids hands did tye her faster,
by the liking of her eye;
In his courteous company,
was all her joy;
To favour him in any thing,
she was not coy,

At the last there came commandment,
for to let the Ladies tree:

With

The Garland of Good-will.

With their Jewels still adorneo,
none to do them injury:

Alas, then said the Lady gay,
full wo is me!

O let me still sustain this kind
captivity.

Gallant Captain shew some pittie,
to a Lady in distress,

Leave me not within the City
for to dye in heaviness:

Thou hast set this present day
my body free,

But my heart in prison strong,
remains with thee.

How should thou (fair Lady) love me,
whom thou know'st thy Contries foe,

Thy fair words makes me suspect thee,
Serpents are where flowers grow;

All the evil I think to thee,
most gracious Knight,

God grant unto my self the same
may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season,
that you came on Spanish ground,

If you may our foes be termed,

gentle.

The Garland of Good-will.

gentle foes we have found:
With our Cities you have won
our hearts each one
Then to your Country beat away
that is your own.

Rest you still (most galliant Lady)
rest you still and weep no more,
Of fair Lovers there are plenty,
Spain doth yield a wondrous store;
Spaniards fraught with jealousie,
we often find,
But English-men throughout the world,
are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
you alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night,
my mind is prest,
The Wife of every English-man
is counted blest,

It would be a shame faire Lady,
for to bear a woman hence,
English Souldiers never carry
any such without offence:

I will

The Garland of Good-will.

I will quickly change my self,
if it be so;
And like a Page I'll follow thee,
where e're thou go.

I have neither Gold nor Silver,
to maintaine thee in this case,
And to trauel 'tis great charges;
as you know in every place;
My chains and Jewels every one,
shall be thine own;
And eke five hundred pounds in Gold,
that lies unknown.

On the Seas are many dangers,
many storms do there arise;
Which will be to Ladies dreadful,
and force tears from watry eyes:
Well in worth, I could endure
extremity:
For I could find in heart to lose
my life for thee.

Courteous Lady be contented,
here conies all that breeds the strife;
I in England have already,
a sweet Woman to my wife:
I will not falsifie my pow,

The Garland of Good-will.

for gold or gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest Danies,
that liue in Spain.

O how happy is that woman
that enjoys so true a friend,
Many days of joy God send you,
and of my suit i'll make an end ;
Upon my knees I pardon crave,
for this offence ;
Which love and true affection,
did first commence.

Commend me to thy loving Lady,
bear to her this Chain of Gold,
And these Bracelets for a Token,
grieving that I was so bold ;
All my Jewels in like sort,
bear thou with thee,
for these are fitting for thy wife,
and not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her Laws desire ;
In a Nunnerie will I shew me,
far from other Company :
But ere my Prayers have an end,
bestire of this ;

To

The Garland of Good-will.
To pray for thee and for thy love,
I will not miss.

Thus farewell most gentle Captain,
and farewell my hearts content,
Count not Spanish Ladies wanton,
though too thee my love was bent
Joy and true prosperity,
go still with me ;
The like fall eber to thy share,
most fair Lady.

A Farewel to Love.

Farewel false Love, the Oracle of lies,
a mortal foe, an enemy to rest, (arise
An envious Boy, from whence great care
a Bastard vile, a beast with age possessest :
A way for error, a tempest full of reason
In all respects contrary unto reason.

A poysoned serpent cover'd all with flower
Mother of sighs, and Murderers repose,
A sea of sorrows, whence run all such flower
as moisture gives to every grief that grow
A School of guile, a nest of deep deceit,
A golden hook that holds a poysoned bait:
A for

The Garland of Good-will.

A fortress field, whom reason did defend,
a Syrens Song, a server of the mind;
A Maze wherein affections find no end,
a raining cloud that runs before the wind:
A substance like the shadow of the Sun,
A Goal of grief, for which the wisest run:
A quenchless fire, a rest of trembling fear,
a path that leads to peril and mishap,
A true retreat of sorrow and despair,
an idle Boy that sleeps in pleasures Lap:
A deep mistrust of that which certain seems,
A hope of that which reason doubtful deems.

(tray'd,

Then sith thy Reign my younger years be-
and for my Faith, Ingratitude I find;
and such repentance hath the wrong bewrayd
whose crooked cause hath not been after kind
False love go back, and Beauty frail adieu,
Dead is the Root from which such fancies
(grew.

F I N I S.

*The lover by his gifts thinks to conquer chastity
and with his gifts sends these verses to his lady.*

what fate so fair, that is not crackt with gold?
what wit so worth that hath in gold his wonder
what learning but with golden lines doth hold
wt. state so high, but gold cou'd bring it under
what

The Garland of Good-will.

What thought so sweet, but Gold doth better
(season
And what rule better then the golden reason
(fruit
The ground was fat that yields the golden
The study high that sets the golden state;
The labour sweet that gets the golden suit:
The reckning rich that scorns the golden rate
The love is sure that golden hope doth hold,
And rich again, that serves the god of gold.

FINIS.

The Womans Answer.

Foul is the face whose beauty gold can raise,
worthless the wit that hath gold in her wonder
Unlearned lines puts gold in honors place,
wicked the state that will to coin come under
Base the conceit that seasoned is with gold,
And Beggars rule that such a reason hold.

(grace,
earth gives the gold, but heaven gives greater
Men study wealth, but Angels wisdom raise
Labor seeks peace, love hath an higher place,
Death makes the reckning, life is all my race,
the hope is here, my hope of heaven doth hold
God give me grace, let Dimes die with gold.

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